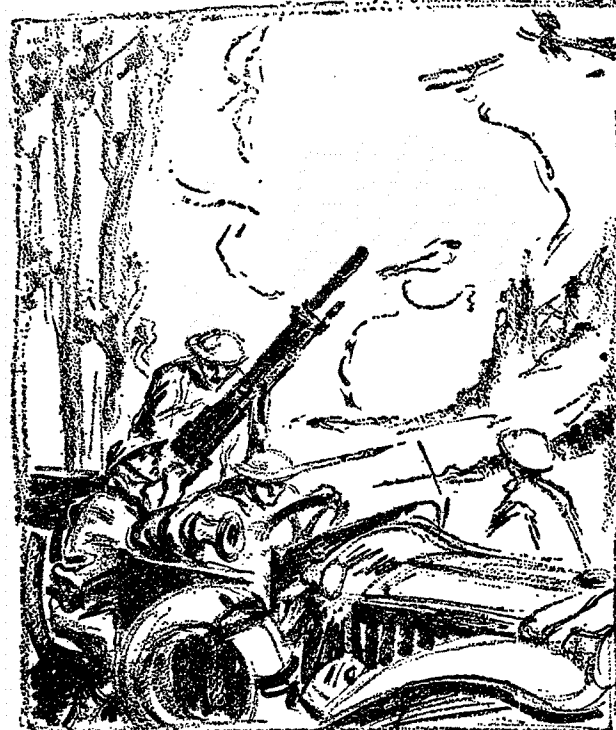


CLEANING UP AFTER THE SALIENT'S LATE TENANTS HAD MOVED OUT



And according to Pot Doyle he got it off the Kaiser himself



Machine Gun mounted on a staff car of a tank out fit



A Cavalry Patrol just after capturing a pill box



Dig in on a hillside for the night looking back over two kilometers of valley captured this day before



Released from German rule

For the first time in months he has a 'smoked'

Chas. Baldridge, 1st St. Michael Front

The Germans' feeling of permanence in the St. Mihiel salient, from which they fled ingloriously on September 12, is expressed in many handsome and elaborate monuments.

Here the graves are marked not by pathetic little wooden crosses, but by substantial plinths and slabs of carved stone. On the road leading into St. Mihiel itself, you will find a beautiful roadside fountain erected "in treuen gedenken an die gefallenen Kameraden" of a certain engineer regiment. A sign near by gave warning that this was for drinking only, and that wading was "verboten." A passerby the other day would have seen a line of Yanks waiting each his turn at the water spout, each prepared to brush his teeth as if the fate of the Allies hung on his keeping his set white.

Near by, a German graveyard can be recognized from afar by the fine memorial pillar reared in the center. It bears this inscription:

Frei woll'n wir das Vaterland wiedersehen. Oder frei zu den südklichen gein. Ja! Glückliche und frei sind die Toten.

The spirit which raised this monument appears to have abated later, for, all around, the graves were found neglected, each mound mark with high-grown weeds.

The success of such an attack as obliterated the St. Mihiel salient is usually dependent on the speed with which each separate unit in the assault moves up at the eleventh hour to its appointed position. That is what lends meaning to the speed figures of one division that was in that attack. One entire battery of 155's—that means guns, carriages, ammunition, horses, kitchens, equipment, personnel, enough to pack a bulb of 50 cars—was put on to that train the day before the attack in exactly 14 minutes. If one cart wheel had not jammed in a doorway, the record would have stood at 12 minutes, 30 seconds.

At sundown on September 12, when a lull came in the business of examining prisoners at one divisional headquarters, the American officer in charge sat down to a bite of supper, and, thinking they might expand under such hospitality, invited two German artillery officers to share it with him. Two passing French artillery officers horned in on the hot coffee and well-plastered white bread.

In the slowly started conversation, it was discovered that the French officers had directed the very fire which silenced the battery these prisoners had commanded. They got to swapping memories of the battle, criticizing each other's work and pointing out just which shots had been effective and which were misses. The debate became warm and affable. A passerby, after studying the scene from his side of the cage wire, observed loudly:

"Well, I'll be damned! Sounds for all the world like one of those violent post-L...gens on the veranda of the Englewood Golf Club."

The speed of the advance across the St. Mihiel salient can be indicated by the fact that when one American regiment established its headquarters in a town which the Germans had just vacated, the various cosy P.C.'s were still ablaze with electric light.

American soldiers roaming through the Lorraine woods with what looks like a sizable Spanish flag fluttering from their left shoulder should not be regarded as neutral visitors. The emblem, while smaller than a bed-quilt, is somewhat larger than a postage stamp, can be seen from a distance, and means that the wearer thereof is authorized to salvage any non-human German article found in the woods.

After the line across the St. Mihiel salient had been drawn taut, our Yankee division made a hasty computation of its gains and losses.

"Well," said one officer, "I don't know how many we killed, but for every man of ours killed, we have 20 Boches in the pen."

After many years as a sergeant of the

old school, Capt. William Winters, U.S.A., found himself adjutant of one regiment that led the way toward Vigneulle. He was in charge of the third echelon, but he was so tired of that comparatively sheltered position that, before dawn of the second day, he was leading a patrol into the town at the center of the St. Mihiel salient.

For ten minutes he was alone in the town, the first American there in advance. That ten minutes was as packed with excitement as any he had ever known, for the first thing he encountered was a German machine gun detachment packing up to go to Germany. Guns and gunners were all loaded on the wagons when the American captain, deciding there was no time to lose, grasped a pistol in each hand and led a charge.

It was still so dark that it is probable the Germans thought at least a battalion was descending on them. Probably some, though not all, were enchanted at the opportunity to surrender. At all events, when reinforcements arrived a few moments later, they found that Capt. Winters had captured a train of 20 machine guns, killed four of the Germans and assembled the rest in a huddled group under cover of his flourishing pistols.

It is reported in the regiment that they have temporarily quit kidding the captain about his post in the rear echelon.

One German cook, in the retreat from the St. Mihiel salient, was ordered to blow up his kitchen and make tracks for Germany. He had nothing to blow the thing up with, and both he and the kitchen were in position when the first American soldiers approached. He had no dynamite, but he did have some beer and cheese, which light refreshment he arranged on a table and served to the arriving Yanks till it was all gone and they were ready to ship him behind the lines.

Shaving off a week's growth of beard and capturing Germans at the same time would seem a difficult task to most soldiers, but not so with one American doughboy who entered a dugout just west of Thiaucourt and found that he had walked into the temporary home of a German colonel whose retreat to the rear had been cut off by the barrage. The colonel was taking his daily shave. He was seated on a stool in front of a large mirror, his face covered with lather.

"Now take that chair in the corner and let somebody shave who needs it," the doughboy commanded. "You fellows want to step right along with that kitchen outfit," said a lieutenant of the Infantry to his cooks as the company moved up to do their share in the attack that wiped out the St. Mihiel salient.

And this kitchen stepped right along, too, according to the four cooks who stepped along with it. It crossed shell holes, dugouts, three railroad tracks—the third track it crossed 45 minutes behind the Infantry—and at night a hot supper was served to the men in the

front lines, which consisted of German rations—coffee, beans, potatoes and bread. The kitchen's career nearly came to an end the next morning, just at daybreak, when a tank emerged from the brush and almost crushed it. "But that was nothing compared with a shell that blew off the stove pipe," said the first cook.

One doughboy was detailed to watch a pile of ration boxes within sight of the German lines. Apparently everyone forgot about the rations when night came, and forgot the doughboy as well. He remembered his first general order and stood by. Two days passed and he had had neither food nor water. Shells continued to fall all about him, and finally he decided to open one of the boxes so that he might stay longer without fainting from starvation. The box he opened contained bully beef.

That night the rations were unguarded. A well known Intelligence officer was one of the first to reach the big German train captured near Vigneulle. And two of the first things that he took away for inspection were a Remington typewriter and a Singer sewing machine. The same Intelligence officer reports that in his short sector alone he took shoulder straps from German officers representing 13 different regiments.

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On one occasion this Intelligence officer had just reached an advanced post in an old chateau with a garden attached. As he started out through the rear, he noticed a small German colony moving in through the garden. This colony happened to be a German major, two German captains and three German lieutenants who had come back in to surrender. Their shoulder straps were removed and promptly added to the already large collection.

One unit, in the forward push, had been without cigarettes for two days. About this time it ran on to a German headquarters and about all it landed there was 25,000 gold tipped Turkish cigarettes of excellent quality.

Any one passing along the roads or through the woods of the old St. Mihiel salient much have figured that Germany needed at least five of her divisions as sign painters. Every road corner, every turn of the trail, almost every nook within the woods, carries some sort of German sign. They are thick along the way, and, although any number have been removed, the almost endless line of signs still remain. One would have

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thought that before the war Germany must have been a nation of sign painters.

One sergeant, who had been without water all day, had a close call from heavier suffering than thirst. He was in the forward advance when he saw just ahead a water barrel. As he was starting for it, a shell burst close and punctured the barrel. Taking out his canteen cup, the sergeant made a wild dash to get there before the precious liquid had vanished, and managed to arrive in time to fill his canteen before the last drop had leaked away.

"It was more exciting," he said, "than

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